THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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GREAT BEND. - - - - KANSAS.

ROBIN AND ROBIN.

O robin, you sit on your perch and sing,
Or the water about from the dish you fling,
Or scatter the berries, you frolicsome thing
And the saucer turn tilting over.
O robin, you darling, I love you much;
But there is another whose slightest touch
And faintest whisper my heart can thrill,
And whose eyes can flutter me at his will,
And, robin, that's Robin my lover.

Your cage is gilded and builded fine;
There strength and an airy grace combine
But 'tis not so rare as the cage of mine
Which Robin is building to hold me.
And soon I shall sit with a folded wing,
And my very soul to its depths will sing;
And though it may rain, or though it may snow,
What shall I care if it do, or no,
While his loving arms infold me?

Of all the birds on the tree or in nest
The robin's the one that I love the best,
With his homely plumage and ochrey breast;
But Robin, my lover, was dearer
When he told of his love to my thirsty ear,
With only the listening angels near,
And his soul sought mine with a long, long kiss,
And my heart beat quick in my speechless bliss,
And Heaven somehow seemed nearer.

The lush grass grows of an emerald hue,
The river is tinged with a beautiful blue,
And the sunbeams print with a rainbow tint
The sky that is spreading above me;
The rivulet laughs as it upward trips,
The diamonds flash where the water drips;
And never a storm and never a cloud
May sweep the vale, or the sky enshroud,
While Robin is here to love me.

O Robin, my Robin, your steps I hear,
With a silvery sound they are drawing near,
And the music they make to my ravished ear
The portal of joy uncloses.
I long for your glances my life to bless;
I yearn for your tender and fond caress—
Oh, the very ground that your footsteps press
Is covered with lilies and roses!

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

Adventures of Tad;

— OR THE —

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT TO SEA," "PAUL GRAFTON," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"I guess you'll do," she finally said, "at least I'm minded to try you, so you can come over and begin work early Monday morning."

"Thank you, marm," replied Tad, with a beaming face. "I'll be here early; and though I'm kind of green, Miss Smith," he added, earnestly, "I'll learn just as fast as ever I can, and work all the harder to make up."

"Well, we'll see," was the only reply. Miss Smith's faith in juvenile promises had been rudely shattered by the frequent breakages that she had known in her experience. At the same time she felt rather drawn toward this pale-faced orphaned boy—though she would not have owned it, even to her own self.

"Don't you let that Joe Whitney lead you into any mischief before you get back to Cap'n Flagg's," said Miss Smith, sharply, raising her voice for Joe's edification, as Tad joined him outside the gate.

"Now, Miss Smith," expostulated the injured youth, "that isn't fair!" The maiden lady smiled significantly, and, muttering something about "innocent Abigail," resumed raking, while Tad, exultant over his future prospects, forebore to reproach his mischievous companion for the little episode I have narrated, and the two walked away together in the most amicable manner.

CHAPTER VIII.

Who that was ever a boy has forgotten, or will forget, his first fishing experience? No matter whether it was angling for minnows from the wharf, with a pin-hook, catching "pumpkin seeds" from the mill-pond logs or following up an alder-fringed brook in pursuit of trout—he will be sure to remember it a great deal longer than he will the more important episodes of his later life. And I know one in particular who will always remember his boyish *debut* in the fishing line—I mean Tad Thorne.

It was the Saturday morning following Tad's peculiar introduction to Miss Smith, and an unusually mild day for a New England April, which uncertain month is very apt to seem so much like March as to resemble a younger brother.

Joe and Tad were digging bait in Deacon Whitney's barn-yard; that is, Joe did the digging while Tad placed the angle-worms in a round tin mustard-box, with a ventilating cover.

"There!" said Joe, straightening up, "and now, Tad—you plaguey old tattle-tale!"

Tad looked up in dire astonishment; but the conclusion of Joe's sentence was evidently not addressed to himself.

It was churning-day at Deacon Whitney's, and Joe's eyes were fixed on the retreating form of Miss Smith's hired help who had come over to bespeak some buttermilk for Miss Smith's pig. Samantha Nason was given to gossip, and Joe's guilty conscience at once assured him that she had lost no time in telling the story of his late humorous performance to the deacon, Mrs. Whitney and his sister Nell.

"I guess we'd better be off," remarked Joe, rather hastily; "and, instead of going out the front way, we'll take a short cut down through the fields. You've got your lines all right?"

Tad tapped his pocket significantly, and adjusted the tin-box cover while Joe was putting the shovel back in the barn.

"Come on, then, Tad," said his companion, with an uneasy glance at the back kitchen, which Tad did not quite understand, and with his words Joe dodged hastily behind the barn, followed by Tad; but, alas! he was too late!

From the open kitchen-window came the cry, in his sister Nell's voice:

"Jo-seph!—come right into the house—father wants you!"

"Darn it all!" muttered Joe, with a vindictive kick at the fence-rail; now I've got to catch it."

"Catch what?" wonderingly asked Tad, though with an intuitive suspicion that Joe was not referring to the prospective catch of trout.

Joe did not reply, but with a gloomy and vengeful expression, slunk into the

PREPARING FOR THE INTERVIEW.

barn by the small rear door, followed by his wondering companion. From behind the corn-crib Joe hastily pulled the bottom of an old pasteboard bandbox.

"Shove it up under my coat, behind—quick, Tad!" he exclaimed, in an agitated whisper, "and then you go ahead to the brook—may be I can get off bime-by. It don't hurt much of any, with *this*," added Joe, with a rather sickly smile, as he touched the small of his back significantly, "only I've got to get a new piece of pasteboard—this is pretty nigh worn out."

"Are you coming, Joseph?"

The voice was Deacon Whitney's, and sounded from the wood-shed close by. Tad fled ignominiously through the rear barn door, while Joe reluctantly obeyed the direful summons. Not that Deacon Whitney was unreasonably harsh or stern. Indeed, his wife said: "Joe's thrashin's hurt the deacon a dretful sight more'n they did Joe,"—which was doubtless true. The boy knew that his father loved him sincerely, and that the whippings were not given in anger, but from a sense of duty, and, though he would willingly have dispensed with them, Joe never cherished the slightest feelings of anger or resentment, after the first smart had passed away.

Leaving Joe to his impending fate, Tad climbed the barn-yard fence, and with a jubilant feeling of gladness, which was only shadowed by the occasional thought of his new friend's disappointment, made his way down across the deacon's meadows, to the brook.

Tad knew nothing whatever about trout-fishing, as a matter of course. He had caught flounders and cunners from the piers, like most city boys—but only those. However, he had a general idea of some of the requirements for the piscatorial art. So, with a very light heart, he followed the "mill brook," as it was called, through a field and an adjoining pasture, till he came to an alder swamp, where, having cut a pole, Tad sat himself down to shape and trim it.

Well, it was indeed a lovely morning. The sky above him, flecked with drifting white clouds, was of the deepest blue, the air soft and spring-like, and the peaceful stillness unbroken only by the occasional cawing of crows or scream of a bluejay.

Tad sat drinking in the beauty of the time and place, softly whistling to himself as he worked, and thought over the many strange things that had come into his life in one short week, and all because an absent-minded man had left his traveling-sachel on the seat in a railroad station.

"Why, it just seems as though I'd been swopped off for somebody else," he said, with a great sigh of thankfulness. And though, as might be expected, Tad Thorne's religious knowledge was of the vaguest possible order, he somehow felt his heart going out thankfully to the Maker of such a beautiful world.

"There," said Tad, as, finishing trimming the pole, he rose to his feet and brushed off the twigs, "now for the trout."

The brook went dancing and laughing along at his side, with here and there a mimic water-fall, at the foot of which the foam and bubbles drifted about in frothy masses.

With fingers trembling a little with excitement, Tad fastened his line, with its heavy sinker and hook large enough for black bass, to the end of the pole. Adjusting the bait, he threw his line into the deepest part of the pool.

"I guess it isn't a very good day for trout, any way," he murmured, after about five minutes of letting his line drift along in the current, and pulling it up again. But stop! a little tug at the hook sent a thrill from his fingertips to his toes! With a jerk that would have landed a three-pound trout, Tad pulled out a chub about four inches long, which, with hook, line and sinker, was immediately entangled in the alder branches over his head, requiring some ten minutes of perspiring effort to clear it.

"Trout ain't as big as I thought for," he said, half aloud, as he surveyed his prize. "It must take an awful lot of 'em to make a mess." Tad added, gravely, as he strung the small fish on a twig, and made his way a little further up-stream, in his ignorance passing over the deep pools and swelling eddies, which are generally the lurking-places of the spotted beauties.

By eleven o'clock, Tad, who had caught seven chubs, each about a finger in length, began to think that the charm of trouting had been considerably overstated. It was rather early in the season for mosquitoes, yet there were quite enough of them about to make it quite lively for a fisherman. He had ascended the brook about two miles, and was tired and decidedly hungry; and, moreover, he found himself right in the heart of what seemed to Tad's unaccustomed eyes a boundless forest.

Sitting down on a stump, Tad gazed about him, wondering at the solemn silence. Overhead, the wind sighed softly through the tops of the great pines. Red squirrels chittered in the spruce and hemlock trees, and a particularly venturesome one dropped a cone from an overhanging bough at his very feet, vanishing among the branches with wonderful swiftness, as Tad looked suddenly up. A partridge drummed in the distance, and a woodchuck scampered rapidly through the underbrush at a little way off.

"I wonder if there are any bears in these woods," thought Tad, with an uncomfortable thrill pervading his frame at the *bear* possibility. "I'd either have to run or climb a tree if I saw one coming," he thought, "and yet, what good would that do, where bears can climb and run rather better than most boys." In a juvenile paper he had read how one "boy hero," thus surprised, had hastily lashed his open jack-knife to the end of a pole, and boldly attacking the savage beast, had slain him by a fortunate thrust. Tad mechanically took out his own jack-knife, and opened the two-inch blade of the best cast-iron.

"I couldn't do much with that," he thought, "but I suppose"——

"*G-r-r-r-r-r!*"

A terrible growl, accompanied by a rustling in the thicket of small pines close at hand, sent Tad's heart into his very throat! There was not even time to splice the knife to the fish-pole, for the growl and rustling were repeated louder and nearer than before!

The hackneyed expression, "to sell his life dearly," flashed into Tad's mind, and, bracing himself against the tree-stump—somewhat in the

"Come one, come all—this rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I"

attitude—he held his open jack-knife in his hand, and awaited the overcoming monster!

CHAPTER IX.

The spruce-bushes parted suddenly; but, instead of disclosing the form of a ferocious bear, nothing more formidable than the good-humored features of Joe Whitney, adorned with an expressive grin, was revealed. There were traces of recent tears on his freckled face; yet mirth beamed from his eye, and it was evident that the recent punishment had not had a very depressing effect on his animal spirits.

"Thought I was a bear, didn't you, Tad?" he remarked, laughing. And Tad, too much relieved at the prospect of companionship to feel very angry, answered, with a feeble smile, that he *was* kind of startled, and made haste to change the subject.

"I've got seven trout, but they're awful small," said Tad, producing his catch, with a rather disconsolate air.

Joe started, whistled and then roared.

"Why, you goosie!" he shouted, but so good-naturedly that it was impossible to be angry with him, "those ain't trout—they're chubs!"

Poor Tad felt tremendously mortified, but speedily forgot his mortification in real honest admiration of a string of trout—the largest of which would not weigh quite a quarter of a pound—that Joe brought out, together with an alder pole, from the thicket where he had enacted the bear.

"I dug some bait on the way, and caught these little fellows coming along," explained Joe, as he held them up before his companion's admiring gaze.

"Oh, *wouldn't* I like to catch just one trout!" sighed Tad; and Joe stoutly assured him not to worry—he'd put him up to catching more than one—perhaps half a dozen—before they returned.

"Did it hurt you *very* much?" inquired Tad, presently, with delicate reference to the cause of his companion's detention.

"The pasteboard wasn't *quite* low down enough," said Joe, mournfully, and Tad asked no further questions.

"Father didn't flog me for just having a little fun with you and Miss Smith," Joe went on after a short pause, "but because he said I as good as lied when I made her think that *you* was deaf, and you think that *she* was."

"Well," returned Tad, hesitatingly, "I don't know—you didn't *mean* to say what wasn't true, any way."

"No," said Joe, frankly; "I didn't! I hate a square up and down lie as bad as the next one; but, come to study on it over, I guess we fellows don't stop to think long enough, sometimes, and lie when we don't mean to; anyhow, I do, and I'm going to try and stop it."

This was quite an admission for Joe, who was generally very chary of acknowledging his faults. But he had begun to feel a strong boyish affection for his companion, and spoke more openly to him than he was in the habit of doing.

"But what made you so long getting here?" asked Tad, breaking the little silence that followed.

"Why, after father—got through with me," returned Joe, while a humorous smile began to hover about his mouth, "he set me churning, and went off down town on an errand. Mother, she was sent for to go over to Mis' Emory's, all of a sudden, and, by gracious!" said Joe, rubbing his shoulders, "I thought my arms would just unhinge out of the sockets before the butter came. Well, Nell, she took the butter down into the cellar kitchen to work it, and forgot to empt' the churn (as mother always does), and whilst she was down there," continued Joe, whose smile had begun to broaden, "I saw father coming up the walk, so what does I do but get hold of the churn-dasher again. Father, he came in. 'There, my son!' he says, 'I guess you've been punished enough—you can go now,' and then he took the churn-dasher right out of my hand. If mother hasn't got back, or if Nell don't come up-stairs," added Joe, with an irrepressible snicker, "I expect likely he's churning buttermilk now."

As Tad knew rather less than a Hottentot regarding the mysteries of churning, the point of Joe's little joke was not perfectly clear to his own mind. And perhaps, on second thought, Joe might have remembered that the tacit deception practiced toward his father was not exactly in keeping with his professed penitence of a moment or two previous, for he made no attempt to enlighten his companion, but, taking up his pole, said, rather hastily, that he guessed they'd better be getting toward home, as it was considerably past dinner-time.

About half-way down Mill brook were the ruins of an old saw-mill. Here, among the great timbers below the dam, the water made deep eddies and shady nooks, where trout love to lie in the heat of the day.

"Throw in there, Tad," said Joe, pointing to a spot where the dark water rushed around the end of the broker flume like a mill-race.

EQUAL TO THE SITUATION.

Tad secretly thought that any trout venturesome enough to trust himself in such a swift current would be swept down stream in a twinkling. But he obeyed, and—

Good gracious! had a sturgeon or a young whale seized his bait! His line went cutting through the dark waters, and the top of the alder pole bent ominously.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PREMATURE WRINKLES.

Furrows Plowed in the Forehead by Constant Care and Worriment.

Wrinkles are as natural to old age as is a full, smooth face to childhood. They are due, mainly, to a certain shrinkage of the muscles—a shrinkage which characterizes, more or less, the entire system in the later period of life.

It is in consequence of this general shrinkage that in advanced life the height is somewhat lowered; that the substance of the jaws contracts, thus often giving rise, by pressure on the nerves that pass through the bony canals, to severe and difficult neuralgia; and that the brain substance becomes reduced in bulk, water filling the vacant space. Were it not for the fixed habits and accumulated resources of a lifetime, an old man's brain would not be equal to the work which he still performs easily.

There is, of course, much difference between old people in this respect, which is due largely to temperament, habits of thought and of feeling and modes of life. The papers lately told of a man over one hundred years old, whose face was wholly without wrinkles. This was a very exceptional case. For the great body of us, if we attain length of days, must take them with the addition of physical decay.

While wrinkles result from the natural working of the system, they may also be caused by a perverted condition of the system, as are pimples, blotches and boils. Now the human face—unlike that of brutes—was meant to be the "mirror of the mind," the visible expression of every passion, emotion and inmost feeling. Herein is its chief beauty. Hence its numerous muscles and nerves, whereby it is so wonderfully adjusted to this end. But muscles in constant or frequent exercise increase in volume, strength and readiness of action. Hence habits of thought and feeling become stamped on the face, and we read so easily the character of the proud, the vain, the deceitful and the sensual man, or of the kind, the calm, the energetic, the frank, the candid and the honest man.

But there is nothing like care and worriment to plow furrows in the forehead, and these are badly marring the faces of our American women. We pass in the streets women of thirty-five whose foreheads are more wrinkled than the brow should be at seventy. Some of these may not have more cares than others, but they unnecessarily yield to the tendency to express them in the face.—*Youth's Companion.*

CLEVELAND'S JOURNEY.

Why He May Be Assured of a Hearty Welcome Wherever He Goes.

Sometimes more than a personal interest attends the proposed tour of President Cleveland. We like to see an eminent man, to be, as it were, in touch with him, to look upon his face, to hear his voice. There is the respect which society pays to authority, and especially where the authority embodies the Nation's dignity.

Journeys of those who govern States are useful exhibitions of authority. Diligent application to duty in an executive or legislative chamber is necessary to an enlightened discharge of authority, but a wider range of enlightenment results from occasional contact with the people, especially with the people who remain at home and do not go to Washington. Mr. Cleveland has not had the advantage of extended personal observation of the United States. A sedentary profession, the necessity of labor, continuous public duty in minor offices and an early election to the Presidency have made hitherto impracticable the journey he now proposes.

Mr. Cleveland will see what no President since Mr. Pierce could have seen—a united country, a country glad to welcome its Chief Magistrate wherever he goes, the open hand and the hearty welcome. If Mr. Buchanan had made such a progress he would have found distrust in the South and sullenness in New England, faces reddening with the anger that was soon to flame into war, a sectional sentiment that would have made sincere attention to a National Chief Magistrate impossible. While Grant and Garfield and Hayes would have had a courteous welcome in the South, it would have been a courtesy disagreeable from its ostentation. It is to be regretted that this feeling existed, and an inquiry into its causes would be painful. So long as any Chief Magistrate represented the spirit of conquest he would have the welcome of conquered provinces—constrained, unnatural ceremonious—and so long as human nature is what we have learned it to be from the experience of ages we could expect nothing more.

Mr. Cleveland, however, represents the National sentiment as it has been seen in no Administration since the first years of Mr. Pierce, before the repeal of the Missouri compromise came with evil omen to menace the Union. Mr. Cleveland is the President of the whole people. There were no bayonets behind the ballots which elected him; no reflected bayonet power gleams in the authority he wields. The intellect, the culture, the wealth, the character of the North and South will unite to do him honor. The soldiers of the Union will receive him as the first representive they have seen of that entirely reconstructed Union which they imperilled their lives to save. As an evidence of this sentiment—a restored Union and a people in concord, a nation saved against the folly and madness of so many of its leaders, a Union such as Washington and Jackson governed, a Union of interest, sympathy and tradition, and not merely of geographical lines—the journey of Mr. Cleveland will have a National value. And wherever he goes he may take with him assurance of a hearty welcome, not merely as a chief magistrate, but as a man.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DEMOCRATIC NOTES.

——As a roarer and snorter the ridiculous Riddleberger sizes up with Tuttle.—*Philadelphia Record.*

——If ever there was a party which could ill afford public extravagance as an issue it is the Republican organization.—*New Haven News.*

——Mr. Blaine has been very chary of interviews and speeches in Ireland. He is apparently afraid of becoming his own Burchard.—*N. Y. Herald.*

——John Sherman will not be misunderstood in Alaska at any rate. They know all the nice points about icebergs in Alaska.—*St. Louis Republican.*

——As soon as the Ohio campaign shall be fairly opened the responsibility for the drought and bad crops at the West will be unhesitatingly placed upon the Democratic party.—*N. Y. World.*

——On the whole, the present summer has been favorable to Mr. Sherman. He is, perhaps, the only politician who, if chosen President, could reduce the country's ice bills.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

——There is no uncertain tone about the platform of the Pennsylvania Republicans. They are heartily and unanimously for the old flag with a little f and an appropriation with a great big A.—*Boston Globe.*

——The Republican party can attribute its downfall to the greed of its office-holders and its unprincipled leaders. The party once stood upon high moral ground, but it has fallen through the fact that the people no longer have confidence in it.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

——The Democrats no sooner reached Washington than they demanded that the country be put in a state of defense. The contracts given out for new vessels show that the party in power is both earnest and patriotic. The days of jobbery are over and the people will by and by have a navy.—*N. Y. Herald.*

——We trust that the Northern people will soon learn that the Southern Confederacy is defunct—"died on the field of honor"—and that there is no more probability of a new Southern Confederacy than there is of a confederacy between Virginia and the Northwestern States. This is our country.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

THE LAMAR DECISION.

A Democratic Attack on Rapacious and Greedy Land-Grant Corporations.

Through the Secretary of the Interior the Administration has just rendered a decision important not only in its immediate effects, but also as conspicuously significant of the attitude of the Government toward organized speculators in Congressional land grants.

The Atlantic & Pacific railway is one of scores of like corporations that have received colossal land grants. There have been many notable and scandalous failures to earn such grants, and public opinion has been wrought at times to severe reprobation of the whole policy of subsidies from the public domain for the purpose or upon the pretense of railway construction. Both political parties in their conventions of 1884 called for legislation which would work complete forfeiture of all unearned grants. The House had passed the necessary bills for the recovery of nearly two hundred million acres of the public domain squandered upon speculators. Many members of the Senate who sat in the convention that nominated Blaine and voted yea upon the resolution which demanded in effect the passage of the House bills returned to their seats in the Senate and deliberately defeated all of the bills except one or two of minor importance, whose passage was not resisted by a lobby. To forfeit unearned grants was a legislative work. To administer the law concerning the public domain, which included all land grant legislation, is an executive act. For twenty years prior to the advent of Cleveland Executive favoritism toward land grant corporations was as apparent in the ruling of the Interior Department, as, until the revulsion in public sentiment some ten years ago, was the recklessness of Congress in voting away public lands upon the slightest pretexts.

The Secretary of the Interior could not revoke the acre subsidy of the Atlantic & Pacific or any other corporation but under the general laws concerning the public domain it rested with him to determine one important point concerning these grants. Unsanctioned by law, but fostered by past favoritism at Washington, the practice had grown up of withholding from public pre-emption vast areas of public domain upon the ground that, as the beneficiary corporations could not to a certainty enjoy their full land grant, they were entitled to indemnity for any losses arising from shortage by reason of previous entries upon alternate sections, or from any cause. That these speculators should have absolute assurance of this indemnity they induced the Government to set aside vast areas outside the belt of their actual grant, from which they might recoup themselves at their leisure. Areas so withheld have been called indemnity lands. At times the area so withdrawn has been as large as the State of Minnesota. At the present time no less than 25,000,000 acres would thus be withheld were it not that with the approval of the President the Secretary of the Interior has reversed the old-time policy of the Land-office, and by a decision on the claim of the Atlantic & Pacific, which is clearly and justly in the public interest as against corporate greed, has placed these lands subject to the operation of the homestead law.

Sixty millions of people who may not concern themselves about details, will note with more or less satisfaction, accordingly as they have knowledge of vicious land grant legislation and of the attitude of successive administrations toward land grant railroads, that at last the Government considers the interest of the public rather than the claim of jobbers.—*Chicago Herald.*

Enthusiastic Rhode Islanders.

The Rhode Island Democrats are so much encouraged over the good work they did this spring that they are going to work with a will in the hope of carrying the Western Congressional district (in which there was no choice in April, although the Democratic candidate had a plurality) at the special election in November. They purpose following this up by carrying the State next spring, and then placing it so securely in the Democratic column that its electoral vote may be depended upon for Cleveland. They may not succeed in doing all they have set out to accomplish, but the only way to win political victories is to work earnestly for them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Republican Corruption.

As a fair sample of the way in which the people of the country have been plundered by Republican management, it may be mentioned that though that management not only gave the Pacific railroad companies land and money enough to build their roads, those companies have kept up the freights on their roads by an enormous system of subsidies to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to prevent competition, the Union Pacific, from September, 1871, to March, 1886, paying $1,994,000; the Central Pacific, $2,030,000, and the Southern Pacific $356,000, since 1883.—*Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.*

——The Republican organs which have been chuckling over George William Curtis' report on civil service reform must find great comfort in his statement in the latest issue of *Harper's Weekly* that "nobody supposes that the course of any Republican President would be more satisfactory upon this subject than that of President Cleveland has been."—*Detroit Free Press.*